

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

Chapter 185

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Taylor was at a loss for words. He didn't know how to respond. The Holmes family was in a completely different business, and here they were, a group of pharmaceutical experts trying to collaborate. The two industries couldn't be further apart.

But, of course, he couldn't say that out loud. Instead, he cast a helpless glance toward Timeus for help.

Taylor thought, 'Stop staring. Your partnership, your problem.'

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Timeus, clearly seeing the frustration in Taylor's eyes, cleared his throat and interrupted the never-ending chatter of their foreign guests. As soon as he spoke, all eyes turned to him.

Seizing the opportunity, Taylor quickly worked out of the crowd, ushering Alex along as they made their way toward the exit. The foreigners were too enthusiastic, and he couldn't take it.

Taylor was relieved, but Timeus wasn't so lucky. He looked like he was about to explode from the effort of keeping his cool.

Timeus began explaining the scope of the Holmes family's business, making it clear that they could not work with a group that specialized in pharmaceuticals.

He even gave them a brief rundown of the Holmes family's standing within the country, hoping to provide these foreigners a more precise understanding.

They could live without tasting the small oranges, but this outrageous mix of industries was out of the question. It was just absurd.

To his surprise, the foreigners didn't back down despite all his efforts. Instead, they seemed even more eager to push forward.

One of them, particularly well-versed in Yuresland culture, even turned the tables on him and began to lecture. "As long as you don't give up, anything is possible! That's what they say in Yuresland, right?"

Timeus was left speechless. He thought, 'Is that how that phrase is meant to be used?'

The worst part was that the foreigners became even more enthusiastic after hearing those words.. They saw the potential benefits of such a partnership, especially considering the Holmes family's prominence.

Timeus didn't know what to say anymore. He thought, 'Foreigners are hopeless optimists. You think the Holmes family will want to work with you?'

"They're doing perfectly well in their own business. Why would they step into a field they know nothing about?"

But Timeus didn't say anything out loud. Perhaps a minor failure would teach them a lesson.

Once the higher-ups finished their discussions, the foreigners turned to Timeus for the Holmes family's contact details.

It was a small favor Timeus could help with, so he gave them contact information for Horizon Tower. He had attended an auction there once and still had a business card from the event, which he handed to the foreigners.

Once the foreigners verified their identities, they would likely move up the chain, though Timeus wasn't sure if the message would ever reach Tinley's ears.

After handing over the business card, the foreigners seemed to settle down. They were now preoccupied with contacting Horizon Tower.

Timeus, from a well-known family in Strate City, received a business card from Horizon Tower that included a direct, VIP customer service line—one that was always managed by a dedicated team.

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Perhaps it was just luck, but this group of foreign friends managed to get their call through without a hitch, all the way to the highest level.

After lunch, Wilson sat at home, a cup of coffee steeped with orange peel beside him.

He was reviewing the items for the upcoming auction, occasionally sipping the refreshing coffee, content with the simple pleasures of the day.

Suddenly, his phone buzzed. He picked it up and checked the message. One of his staff members let him know that a well-known pharmaceutical company abroad had reached out, looking to discuss potential collaboration opportunities.

At first, Wilson thought it was a scam. But since the message came from someone he trusted, it didn't seem like one. The message also included several phone records.

After listening to them, Wilson capped his thermos, contacted the driver, and got ready to head to the Holmes family.

Tessa and a few friends were deep into a game of cards in the next room. He cracked the door open slightly. "Tessa, I'm going to the Holmes residence."

After giving her a quick heads-up, he hurried out of the house.

Tessa, known for being a chatterbox, was even more talkative when playing cards. She couldn't keep her mouth shut.

When Wilson mentions the Holmes family, she can't resist telling the story of the magical little orange they ate a few days ago.

She spun the tale with such flair that her friends were utterly captivated.

"Is that true, Tessa? Don't mess with us."

"Yeah, you're making it sound like some miracle cure. Is it that powerful?"

Tessa took a sip of coffee, her tone matter-of-fact. "Why would I lie to you? You don't know, but I drank just a little of a cold and instantly felt better when I had a cold."

Though she loved to talk, Tessa was never one to exaggerate, and her friends knew that. At that moment, the remaining three women were utterly captivated by her words.

"Is it that powerful?"

"Yeah," Tessa replied, leaning in so they could get a better look at her face.

"If you don't believe me, just look at my complexion. Doesn't it look better than before?"

She hadn't worn makeup at home, and her skin had a healthy, natural glow.

Her friends leaned in closer, visibly shocked.

"Tessa, I thought you had some light makeup on. It looks so natural. You're telling me that's your bare face?"

Tessa grinned, clearly pleased by the compliment. "Of course! Lately, I've stopped wearing makeup altogether. And I've had a bunch of young girls stop me, asking what lipstick shade I wear."

At this, the other three women were genuinely impressed.

One of them sighed with regret.

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"That's amazing! Now I want to try those little oranges you keep talking about. If only my husband had the right connections with the Holmes family."

"Tell me about it, another added. "The Holmes family has been so low-key lately, it's impossible to even get in touch with them

They all remembered Tinley's accident three years ago. There had been rumors about the Holmes family possibly falling out of favor.

During that time, the once-bustling Holmes residence had suddenly become eerily quiet.

It was how things went—when people fell from grace, they were quickly forgotten. But in their circle, it was all too familiar.

If they had known the Holmes family still had this kind of opportunity, they would have done anything to help back then.

One of the women spoke calmly with a casual flick of her card.

"How could that be? Everyone else keeps a low profile, but isn't a child still in school?"

At these words, Tessa suddenly became alert.

Tm telling you right now, don't get any ideas about that young lady. If you do, don't blame me for turning on you."

Her husband worked at the Holmes family's business, and if anything happened to the young lady, her husband would be in trouble too.

The woman who had spoken earlier quickly clarified, "I was just commenting. There's no way I'd harm a child. I'm a well-respected lady. Why would I do something like that?"

Seeing that Tessa's expression hadn't softened, she added more.

"I heard it from my son. That young girl took a bag of oranges to school and conflicted with the Jones family's son. I don't know what happened, but the boy was transferred to another class."

The women seemed to share a common disdain for the Jones family, and at this news, their faces couldn't hide their smug expressions.

"Well, that's perfect," one said, grinning. "It'll be good for Tinley to put him in his place. Maybe now he'll stop looking down

on women.

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